

R-34 MAY LEAVE AT DAWN TO-DAY

Continued from First Page.

men of the R-34, who are naturally uneasy about their great ship by the weather report from Washington last night, which said that from Sandy Hook to Hatteras gentle to moderate east and south winds would prevail, with fair weather. North of Sandy Hook the winds will become southerly. East winds are almost dead over the R-34, and the fact that they are dying down is encouraging. A south wind might be of some assistance should the northerly steamship course be decided upon again, but the course to be followed is still uncertain. On their arrival here Sunday the voyagers, weary of a trip through fog banks above an ocean unseen for most of the way, spoke hopefully of the southern steamship course, by which they would swing in a great circle across the Atlantic some few hundred miles north of the Azores to England.

Commander Scott was informed in a weather report from Washington received last night that a favorable south-west wind probably would resume its usual course at this time of the year along the Atlantic coast around the latitude of New York. Previous to this report another from the Weather Bureau warned of a delay of probably forty-eight hours. The latter advice, however, superseded this, it is said.

The weather report from Washington received at the field about 10 o'clock last night indicates that the R-34 will have favorable winds if she leaves here Thursday. The report reads: "Probably fair on Wednesday, Wednesday night and Thursday, with light, variable winds for the first 600 miles over the ocean, becoming westerly on Thursday, afternoon and continuing over Friday."

Wind Most Unfavorable.
Yesterday up to a height of 6,000 feet a northeast wind of a speed of from twenty to twenty-five miles was blowing, with indications that it was even stronger further aloft. This of course is very unfavorable. The burning question of the day, hour and minute at Mineola now is just when the voyagers will depart. While the American navy and army officers stationed at Roosevelt Field have enjoyed immensely the visit of the Britshers, according to it does not appear to be an opportunity to exchange views on lighter than air craft and similar subjects, the strain of the constant struggle to prevent the R-34 from being blown away or injured by bumping into the ground is becoming more and more hard to bear.

The navy officers, commanded by Lieut. W. H. Hoyt, are in charge of the actual handling of the dirigible, with the aid of the British officers of the crew and party of preparation, and with soldiers under their command. The army officers have the patrolling of the field and the protection of the R-34 from any other enemy than the weather in their hands. The strain of constant watching, with only a few hours sleep each night is severe, and as the days pass it is becoming stronger although the Britshers are hiding their anxiety to get their ship out of the peculiar American climate as soon as possible under a mask of great cheerfulness.

The weather which they have experienced so far, including, as it has, temperatures of an average of more than thirty degrees, with a thunder storm, mist and heavy and unseasonable winds, has given the Britshers much cause for wonder.

In addition to weather troubles Lieut. Col. Lucas has another matter upon his hands which is worrying the crew considerably. The order for rum, part of the regulation ration of the British navy, did not reach the American supply officer who was providing for the food for the return trip until after July 1. Therefore, owing to the great

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event on July 1 he was unable to supply it. Col. Lucas now has \$210 which he is trying to trade off for a little contraband, for rum is as much a part of the British navy as the keel of her ships.

Stores to Be Loaded.
In addition to the rum, there will be loaded on board the R-34 shortly before the start. 200 pounds of bread, 125 pounds of beef, six of tea, thirty-six of chocolate, with preserves, cake and so forth.

Despite their anxiety to be away, however, both officers and men are making the most of their opportunity to see New York. Major Scott, who has kept very close to his ship since her arrival here, lunched yesterday afternoon at the Ritz-Carlton with Brig-Gen. L. E. O. Charlton, Major Hugh Fuller, Brig-Gen. E. M. Matland, Lieut.-Col. Lucas and American officers. The crew were still busy talking yesterday of their trip to the city on Monday night, when they dined at Churchill's and afterward went to the Strand Roof.

"Jolly? My word, yes," said one member of the crew. "New York is much jollier than London."

Considerable admiration is expressed by the members of the crew and by American soldiers and sailors for William Bantline, the stowaway, who when he learned he would not be one of those selected to man the ship, came along anyhow with a court-martial certain even if he escaped the risk, by no means inconsiderable, the others were taking. According to one Britsher, Bantline is the fly weight champion of England, and has already received offers to exercise his talents in this country.

"Of course any one would have smuggled aboard if left behind that way, you know," one mechanic said. "But Bantline was very sporty about it. He stowed away under one of the balloons inside the envelope two days before the ship left and stayed there in spite of the pressure of the gas against him."

Question of Cost Considered.
The question of the cost of a transatlantic dirigible commercial service was a subject on which the British officers professed themselves to be ignorant, but that it would be less expensive than is generally believed is thought likely.

According to an American balloon officer the cost of 3,000,000 cubic feet of hydrogen, the amount used in a round trip, is about \$10,500. Ten thousand gallons of aviation gasoline costs about \$5,000, and the oil used would cost \$400. This is a total of \$15,900. In addition, of

course, the usual expenses of crew's salary, interest on the \$2,500,000 invested in the dirigible and other factors must be considered.

A dozen American army officers of the lighter than air service were also very busy at the field yesterday discussing the question of whether the American Congress would relent because of the R-34's voyage and give a little more of the \$85,000,000 asked for army aviation than the \$15,000,000 now allotted for this purpose. They said that after the war ended the British Government appropriated \$350,000,000 for aviation, while France has decided to spend \$270,000,000.

In addition, they said, the United States is likely, unless immediate action is taken, to find itself without an air service of any size. Twenty-six hundred air officers have asked to stay in the service, but under existing legislation they must get out not later than September.

At least one American airship officer has ceased to worry for a time about the army air programme. This is Col. William Hensley, Jr., one of the youngest colonels in the army, who is going to Europe on the R-34 to study aviation in England, France and the other European countries. Col. Hensley, who is 36, is known to his friends as "Smasher Bill," wears balloons, as well as airplane wings, on his uniform, and can handle both types of craft.

"I don't worry me the least bit if we don't start till the 13th of July," Col. Hensley said yesterday. "Thirteen is my lucky number. For I've always been promoted on the thirteenth of the month. I was graduated from West Point on that day, joined the Thirteenth Cavalry on the 13th of September, 1912, and stayed just double thirteen months with them on the border."

Col. Hensley is the man who arranged the meeting in 1914 between Gen. Bell and Villa, then about to break with Carranza. He was for a time Quartermaster-General of the Philippine National Guard, but returned to this country late in 1917 to take balloon training at Fort Omaha, and commanded a balloon company in the Philippine Islands during the war.

Battle Began Before Sunrise.
A battle which began long before sunrise and did not end with the setting sun was yesterday on Hempsted plains between the giant dirigible and its treacherous ally, the wind, and the joint forces of the army and navy. It was probably a soul-searing and body-breaking work as any of the soldiers and sailors who took part in it ever had performed, although most of them were veterans fresh from the fields of France, awaiting eagerly their discharges at Mitchell, Hazelhurst and Roosevelt fields.

During the early part of the night, up about fifteen minutes after 4, the big dirigible gave little trouble to the guards who watched her through the night. Her great bulk, shining with an unearthly silver sheen under the light of 12,000 candle-power searchlights, hung motionless and ghostly above the silent darkness of Roosevelt Field. Twice during the night the chill, contracting the hydrogen, caused her to sag downward toward the field. Water ballast and, in an extremity when the temperature dropped below the mark of 61 degrees, gasoline, were pumped out to keep her aloft. From 1 o'clock to 4 a thick fog enveloped her. The searchlights cut white slashes of light out of this mist, but even the great power failed to show distinctly the form of the great airship.

Then within a few minutes a brisk wind—a wind such as an aviator would describe with loathing as "bumpy and full of holes"—sprang up. The fog was dispelled in a twinkling and at the same time the R-34 seemed to awake. Slowly like an elephant swaying in his chains the airship stirred from side to side. Her tail gradually took up an up and down motion, first rising to a level with the nose and then dipping its fragile length threateningly toward the ground. It was a graceful and pleasing motion to gaze upon, the great bulk of the 640-foot airship moving as easily as a

feather in the air, but the navy men on duty did not fail to admire it.

Bugle Calls Sailors Out.
A bugle bit silence with an imperious call. From nearby barracks asleep sailors, sailors asleep and moving automatically, sailors half awake and unable to do more than stumble wildly about for a moment and sailors almost wide awake tumbled out. They plunged across the field, as nondescript a company as ever responded to a bugle call. They ranged from single garments to more than their usual supply of clothes. Feet in socks, feet in shoes, feet in rock and shoes and just plain feet padded across the field with its stiff prickly grass rapidly stinging them into full consciousness. By the time they reached the airship was alarmingly brisk in her up and down swing and was coming nearer the ground at every plunge. The stern gondola, swung some distance from the extreme end of the airship, seemed in imminent danger of being dashed to the ground, with resulting destruction to its great twenty-foot propeller and its two big driving engines.

On rapid, snappy instructions the sailors dashed under the dipping stern with hands upraised to fend it off before it reached the ground. Their position seemed perilous, but, according to the officers, so light is the great ship that the 300 upraised hands would easily and safely have prevented the tail from hitting the ground. But as if perceiving that her efforts at self-destruction had been thwarted the R-34 slowly ceased her motion under the dropping wind and the gobs were finally released from their position.

That was the prelude to the battle which was to follow, a struggle which was waged for the most part during the day, by soldiers, although once in a while the naval aviation mechanics were again called upon to lend a hand. The 700 men in balloon companies originally told off for the ground crew of the R-34 were utterly unable to do more than stand by and watch the sore and blistered hands of the ground crew and the wind. During the day the gondolas or cars of the ship were brought within two feet of the ground and the mechanics might work upon her motors and other odd jobs might be performed. It was this position, a foot or so above the ground, that was difficult and dangerous to maintain. The R-34 was a fish partly out of water, a creature of neither earth nor air, and it was plain to see she did not like the situation.

Ship a Living Creature.

While the R-34 was an airship, a distant relative of an airplane and a thing of fabric, aluminum and wire, when she dropped gently downward to the ground Sunday, she is no longer such. The R-34 is to every soldier or sailor who has been stretched by her moorings a real living creature, and a very bad creature at that, malignant, bent on senseless suicide and utterly indifferent to reason. "It's the cursedest darn fooliestest thing I ever run into," declared one soldier during four hours on the ropes, as he gingerly prodded the blisters on a by no means delicate paw.

"Don't call it an it," approved a companion just as badly off as regards blisters. "She's a she! She's a —"

Absolute dependence was placed yesterday, not upon the huge concrete anchors, so carefully sunk into the field long before the arrival of the ship, but upon the bone and sinew of the soldiers. They stuck to the half dozen ropes by which the R-34 was held to the ground, and hung by their arms by scores to the front and stern gondolas in much the same position as men strung up by their thumbs.

The shift to men and ropes from concrete anchors and steel cables was due to the very narrow escape Monday morning from losing the great ship when the sun came up very suddenly blinding hot. The R-34 before the sun came was at perfect equilibrium; that is to say, she was neither heavier or lighter than the air. The added weight of a man would have brought her gently to the ground,

while a few feet more hydrogen would have sent her upward. When the sun expanded the hydrogen suddenly the ship as suddenly attained an upward pull of fifteen tons, according to one experienced dirigible officer yesterday.

Only a Miracle Saved Loss.

"It was a miracle that we didn't lose her then," he said, although the incident which tore the fabric about her bow had been minimized officially at the time. "The only thing that prevented her from sailing off with the ground crew dangling from the ropes they grabbed was the speed with which a man got into the ship and let all the hydrogen out of one of the nineteen balloons inside her envelope."

Yesterday morning the sun did not come up so hot, so the expansion was more gradual, but with damage was done. Two or three hundred men held her during most of the morning, but toward noon more and more were summoned by the tyrannical bugle. The men were worked in four hour shifts. From noon to 2 P. M., when the gas well warmed up and powerfully pulling upward, while the wind tugged horizontally, one of the hardest times of the day was experienced.

The wind at this time was gusty. According to W. E. Gregg, the representative of the Weather Bureau at the field, its strength as it swept down from the northeast was from fifteen to twenty or twenty-five miles an hour. This was a course absolutely nothing to complain about unless one happened to be holding onto a rope restraining an airship 640 feet long and containing nearly two million cubic feet of heaven hunting hydrogen.

Force of Men Doubled.

By 1 o'clock the 250 men had been increased to 500, for despite the valiant efforts of the fighting 250 the R-34 showed a dangerous tendency to drag the men on one side off their feet and even lift some of them nearest the ship from the ground. At few times during the day did it seem likely that the R-34 would get the upper hand, but she kept up the fight hour after hour, while perspiration streamed, muscles strained, blisters grew and aches shot all over the bodies of the soldiers.

In front of the big ship, with a huge megaphone, there stood throughout the day an officer shouting commands. For some hours the officer was Lieut. J. J. Quinn, commander of the C-4, the blimp whose home is at Rockaway naval air station. Although the C-4 is but a tenth the size of the R-34, the cussedness of a little blimp varies only in proportion

to size, so Lieut. Quinn was wise in the ways of the R-34 even before he sighted her Sunday.

Meanwhile mechanics of both the British crew and of the naval detachment were busy overhauling and putting to rights the motors which had withstood nobly the strain of 240 hours in the air, but nevertheless were much in need of the skilled and comforting hand of expert mechanics upon their pusher rods, bearings, valves and other tender parts.

Last evening the dirigible narrowly escaped serious injury when a particularly violent gust of wind swung her tail around in a semi-circle within half a minute. The greatest danger is that a strong gust of wind will catch her broadside. Then, so the balloon officers assert, nothing could save her, not even the united efforts of the 500 men of the ground crew. As an added precaution a co-screw was set all day in the front gondola swinging the rudder this way and that and thus aiding in keeping the head of the airship directly into the wind.

As usual the airship was permitted to lift itself to a height of between 100 and 200 feet last night. At this altitude it is thought reasonably safe from the danger of being dashed to the ground. One hundred men of the ground crew, however, were standing by as a precautionary measure.

**NC-4 HULL MOVED
TO CENTRAL PARK**

**Two Weeks May Be Needed
To Finish Setting Up Plane.**

Men labored yesterday moving the hull of the transatlantic seaplane NC-4 from a motor truck to the sheep meadows of Central Park, where it will be on exhibition for a week after it is assembled. Ensign C. J. O'Connor, who was in charge of the base crew for the transatlantic fliers at Halifax, and is at present in charge of assembling the NC-4, said ten days or perhaps two weeks would be necessary for setting up the plane.

The NC-4 will be set up in a space roped off on the meadows, opposite Sixty-ninth street. Many persons gathered outside the enclosure or sat on the grass yesterday watching the men sent from the mine larv Aroostook and the Rockaway naval air station hauling the ship from the truck to the ground.

None of the workmen seemed to think the seaplane would be assembled this week. One of the planes is torn and has to be fixed; nuts and other small parts are missing.

The exhibition will be in charge of Lieut. David A. Mount, aid for aviation at the Third Naval District. Forty men from the receiving ship at Bay Ridge will guard the seaplane while it is on exhibition, after which it will be taken apart and sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The NC-4 was transported yesterday from the foot of Third-fifth street, Brooklyn, where it had been lying on a lighter, to the foot of Seventy-ninth street, Manhattan.

ALL LONDON PAYS TRIBUTE TO FRYATT

Ashes of Germany's Victim
Escorted to Church by Immense Throng.

Special Wireless Dispatch to The Sun.

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LONDON, July 8.—London suspended to-day for a few hours rejoicing over peace, dropped her flags to halfmast, and the people turned out in masses to line the streets in honor of the British martyr, Capt. Charles Fryatt, when the ashes of the victim of the German policy of frightfulness were borne through the city to St. Paul's, on the way to Fryatt's native village of Dover Court, Essex, where they will lie in the little country churchyard.

Capt. Fryatt was executed by the Germans in 1916 for attempting to ram a U-boat.

The arrival of the funeral train at Charing Cross station was heralded by the tolling of a single bell in the church of St. Martin-in-Fields. Then there emerged from the station a detachment of British sailors with their fighting kit, carrying their arms reversed, led by a diminutive bugler wearing chevrons showing that he was in the 1914 campaign.

The silence was broken by the drums and then came the strains of Chopin's "Funeral March" by the Royal Marines Band, followed by a detachment from the battleship Pembroke, pulling a naval gun carriage, on which rested the coffin, covered with the Union Jack and a single wreath of red and white roses, tied with a wide blue ribbon.

The principal mourners followed on foot, preceding an open carriage full of wreaths and flower pieces. After this came a detachment of sailors of the mercantile marine and another of officers of the marine service, carriages containing representatives of the military, naval and air services and delegates from all sections of the kingdom's activities.

At a funeral pace the solemn pageant passed until the dome of St. Paul's was visible in the distance against the gray sky. Then an order was given and the procession passed quickly with bands silent, while the multitudes lining both sides of the Embankment uncovered.

Inside the cathedral the music was provided by the victim's former comrades in the Great Eastern Railway, who, before the arrival of the body, played Sir Arthur Sullivan's "In Memoriam" and played on a catalfque, around which burned six tall candles, while the choir sang the opening words of the burial service. The congregation sang the hymn "Eternal Father Strong to Save," which was followed by Psalm ex. and a few short prayers.

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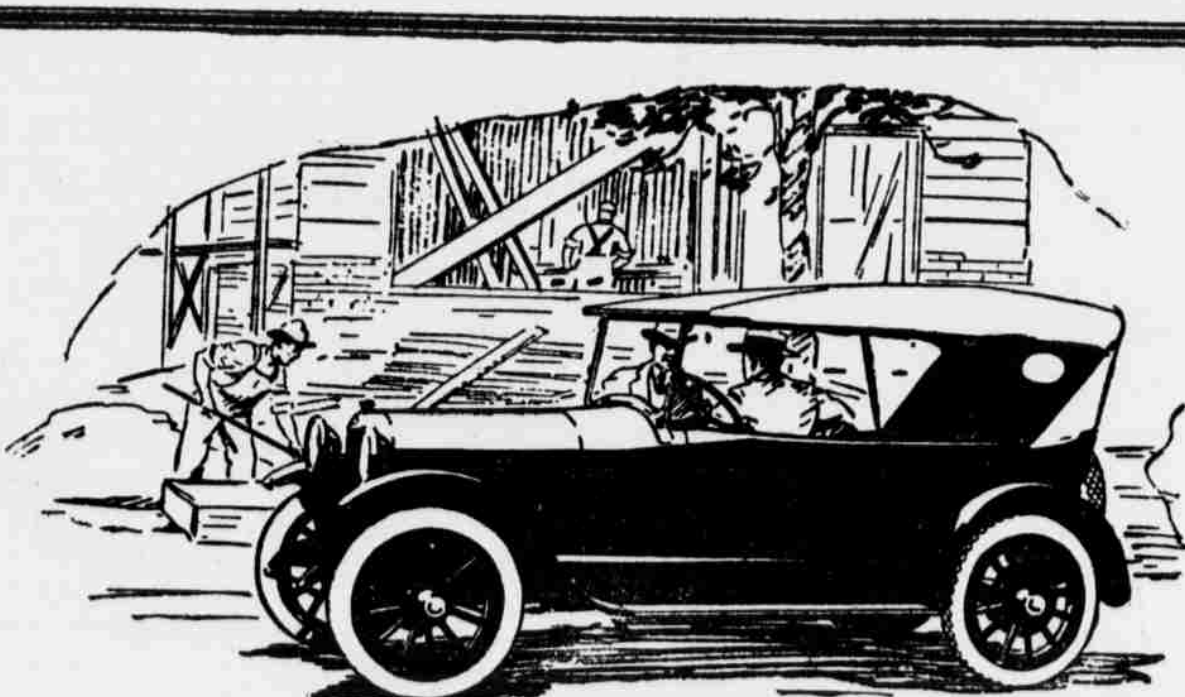
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